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Lloy & Garrison
Dec 10th 1865

Roxbury, Dec. 10, 1865.

My Beloved Friend:

Your very kind and affectionate letter of the 19th ult. reached me at Springfield, Illinois, as directed, and was read with great pleasure and interest. I was much gratified to hear that Mr. Thompson succeeded so well with his lecture in your church, and that it elicited so much approval. I parted from him at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Monday night last, where he was to lecture the next evening. I found him in better physical condition than I expected, though somewhat debilitated. During January and February, he is engaged to lecture almost every evening consecutively; and this makes me tremble for his safety. It is a far heavier load than he ought to attempt to carry, especially in view of the inclemency of those two months, the fatigue of constant travelling, the number of people to see and converse with privately - &c., &c. But he

is always ready to comply with friendly or professional overtures, if possible, and especially to lose no opportunity to secure pecuniary aid for his family, — all the more as his modest enterprise gives no promise, at present, of paying success. Should he be able to carry out his lecturing programme, he will probably realize over two thousand dollars, above all expenses. This will prove a most seasonable relief.

You were not only very considerate, but exceedingly kind, to get my limbs and life insured for the time and in the manner designated by you; and in presenting to me the policy as a token of your personal regard and attachment, you have added to the number of my numerous obligations to you. I will accept it thankfully, because not to do so would give you pain, and to do so will augment the sum of your happiness; yet, knowing how limited are your means, how many thrust themselves upon you for assistance, and how over-generous you are, I shrink from having you

taxed on my account, even to the smallest extent. I will endeavor to look after the policy, from year to year, as you suggest.

Fortunately, I have returned home, after six weeks' absence and an extended tour, without any mishap. I was able to keep every engagement, and did not miss a single train. Most of the time I was very hoarse, and feared I should utterly break down, as there was no end to private talking in addition to the exhaustion of almost continuous public lecturing. At Quincy, I had a severe attack of ophthalmia in my right eye, which lasted me several days, with much inflammation; but by skilful homoeopathic treatment I got over it much sooner than could have been reasonably expected. The disease is quite prevalent at the West this season.

On Tuesday I came from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia, and on Wednesday had the unalloyed satisfaction of seeing my cherished son Wendell united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Lucy, the beloved daughter of my early friend and coadjutor, J. Miller McKim. The

day was brilliant — the number of persons gathered to witness the ceremony in Dr. Furness's church large and very select, whose congratulations were abundant — and the statement, on the part of Dr. Furness, of the nature, obligations, cares, sorrows, joys and felicities of the wedded state, in a true union, was most felicitously and comprehensively stated. After the marriage services, we had an elegant entertainment served up at Mr. and Mrs. Den-
is's, in the city, for the relatives and a few friends; and in the afternoon the wedded couple took the train for New York, where they were enabled to have quickly a Thanksgiving Day, (on Thursday,) in accordance with their ^{own} feelings as well as in compliance with ^{the} President's Proclamation. They will board in New York at least during the winter. In Lucy, wife and I have gained another daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. McKim in Wendell a son. It is one of those too rare matches in which no room is left for anxiety or doubt as to the fitness and felicity of the alliance.

Speaking of wedlock, I am reminded of the near approach of the day for our darling Fanny to be united to her chosen one. Supposing you could legally "tie the knot," I mentioned to you, when at Syracuse, how pleasant it would be to us to have you perform the act for Harry and Fanny, as you did for wife and me; but I learn this cannot be by the laws of this State, and so we must employ another - probably it will be our neighbor, Dr. Putnam. Though it would be exceedingly gratifying to have you present as a beloved friend, yet, as you cannot do the very thing needed to be done on the occasion, we could neither ask nor expect you to take so long a journey, at so inclement a period as it might prove, merely to witness the ceremony; therefore, we must "take the will for the deed." Besides, were it otherwise, in view of your cough and the very delicate state of your health, (which will need very careful nursing all through the winter,) we should not be willing to consent to your running any such risk, even though you were feeling considerably better.

If the record is reliable, sixty years ago, to-day, I was ushered into this breathing world; and so am now celebrating my sixtieth birthday with my family. It is a period of life that I once regarded as aged, and even venerable; but what is aged and venerable seems, now, considerably beyond me. It is so with you, I presume, though you lead me by a number of years - (I shall try to keep as near you as time will permit.) Where is the magic line that perceptibly indicates we have parted with infancy, boyhood, manhood, and become positively aged? In spirit, certainly, I still feel very young; nevertheless, I must cherish no delusion about my state. I am sixty years old! Well, I would not be any younger; for that could be only by reversing the laws of nature, and what but evil could grow out of such reversal?

My Western trip exceeded my anticipations. I return to find all well at home. Charlotte is with us, and sends loving regards to you all. So do we as a family. Remember me to the Sedgwick.
Ever admiringly yours, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.
Rev. S. J. May.